12-1974

PAUL RAYMOND'S

CLUB INTERNATIONAL

VOLUME THREE • NUMBER TWELVE • PRICE UK 50p • USA & CANADA $1.50 • FRA[illegible] ITALY 1500 LIRE
NOT FOR SALE TO PERSONS UNDER EIGHTEEN YEARS OF AGE

Daniel Farson, Roman Polanski, Angela Carter, D. M. Thomas and G. L. Simons

Plus: The Good Whisky Guide, Dirty Dogs Dictionary, Christmas Cameo, Fashion and some Seasonal Ladies

CLUB INTERNATIONAL

Published by Paul Raymond *Volume Three: Number Twelve: Price Fifty New Pence: December 1974*

Page 4 Hors d'Oeuvres
Compiled by Bernard Campion

Page 8 Open Your Bead Bag, Lottie! *Daniel Farson*

Page 11 Jenny
Photographed by Fred Enke

Page 19 Sensor
News and reviews

Page 24 Close to the Edge
Fred Robbins with Polanski

Page 27 Nancy
Photographed by Rod Korman

Page 32 The Upland Road
Fantasy from Angela Carter

Page 35 Karina
Photographed by Michel Moreau

Page 40 The Dirty Dog's Dictionary

Page 42 The Outer Limits
Feature by G L Simons

Page 45 Soraya
Photographed by Fred Enke

Page 52 Contact
Feature by Mark Royston

Page 57 Fashion *Photographed by David Parkinson*

Page 60 Words Sacred and Profane *Feature by D M Thomas*

Page 63 Sallie *Photographed by Bob Carlos Clarke*

Page 68 The Good Whisky Guide *by Tom Tennant*

Page 71 Christmas Capers
Cartoons by James

Page 75 A Christmas Cameo
Time travel with Enzo d'Amberni

Page 83 Readers' Writes
Your letters column

Page 85 The Club International Thesaurus *William Bettsworth*

Page 88 Women's Lip
The ladies comment

Page 93 Helena
Photographed by Clive McLaine

Cover by Fred Enke

Herewith the *Club International* Christmas issue, and it is an extraordinary issue. The noted writer and television personality Daniel Farson writes about London's most amazing drinking club; the notorious film director Roman Polanski unveils himself in a unique interview; the award-winning novelist Angela Carter contributes a bizarre and sexy short story; the renowned poet D M Thomas expounds wittily on swear words – and there are the regulars, some surprises and the lovely ladies. You won't find much better.

Tony Power: *Editor*
Allen Harbinson: *Chief Associate Editor*
Steve Ridgeway: *Art Editor*
Alan Walton: *Picture Editor*
Tym Manley: *Associate Editor*
Linda Treacy: *Production*
Claire Allen: *Designer*
Chris Robins: *Advertising*
Jenny Rayment: *Classifieds*
David E Pugh: *Circulation*
David Parkinson: *Fashion*

Published by Paul Raymond Publications Ltd., Chronicle House, 72/78 Fleet Street, London E.C.4 and printed Heatset Web-Offset Litho by HunterPrint Group Ltd., Hertfordshire. Originated by Autocolour Photolitho Ltd., London. Typesetting by Ramsay Typesetting Ltd., London, Crawley and Wokingham. *Fiction: all characters are fictitious and there is no intended reference to persons either living or dead. This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions: namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out, or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade, except at the full retail price of 50p and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in an unauthorised cover by way of Trade or affixed to or as part of any publications or advertising literary or pictorial matter whatsoever. All contributions, including colour transparencies or photographs submitted to the magazine are sent at the owner's risk and while every care is taken, neither Paul Raymond Publications Ltd., nor its agents accept liability for loss or damage.* *Second Class Postage paid at New York Post Office, N.Y. Distributed by The National Magazine Distributors Ltd., 22, Armoury Way, Wandsworth, S.W.18 1HA. Tel: 01-874 1181. December 1974.* *© Paul Raymond Publications Ltd., 1974*

Decorative logotype by Ian Potter

Jenny
Photographed by Fred Enke

Nancy

Photographed by Rod Korman

Nancy came. We saw.

But the conquest belongs exclusively and overwhelmingly to twenty-year-old Nancy Crompton.

"I only really came to the studio for an audition on an impulse," she told us. "I didn't really think I stood much of a chance!"

Nancy's interest in Club *and* Men Only *began about a year ago when a girlfriend of hers from her native Godalming in Surrey became a model for* Men Only. *"She kept telling me what a wonderful job it had been," Nancy smiles, "and how well she was treated. Also how the good exposure she got in* Men Only *had helped her enormously to get other modelling jobs, and even a few spots on television commercials. I wanted to apply myself, of course. But I felt so young and unsophisticated; I suppose I was too scared."*

Happily, it seems that time has only compounded the natural interest in lissome, lovable Nancy. Her assets, however, are not confined to looks alone, smashing though they are. She has a gentle yet perceptive quality that expresses both uncritical wonder, and consummate self-awareness.

Daily, Surrey scenery scuds by as Nancy commutes to work from Godalming to Guildford in an ancient Beetle that, in her own descriptive term: "Is about old enough to belong in the Natural History Museum." Nancy shares a flat with a girlfriend:

"Jane and I have the perfect arrangement," smiles Nancy. "If I want the flat alone to entertain a boyfriend, I just line up ten milk bottles on the garden wall. Likewise if she wants some privacy, Jane lines up the milk bottles. It's as simple as that, see?"

We never did quite see the logic of this, or the reason for the milk bottles, but didn't really like to admit it. For women move in mysterious ways, as well as delightfully erotic ways, and who are we to question the personal, delightful foibles of such a refreshingly different girl as Nancy Crompton?

Here's Karina, in nude communion with the sky and elements.

Karina hears strange unborn symphonies in cast-up shells.

She observes apparitional trees spiking the vast Pacific ocean.

Karina enacts an everlasting reverie of sensual love-making.

Herself a sky-daughter of Venus, ruling planet of those born under the sultry sign of Libra, Karina Hepple is a born nymph in a shapely container, ripe for now. She is a girl given to cycles of frenzy and complete lassitude. At her most torpid times she hastens to the nearest clump of woods and shore to muse on the waters that give birth to mermaids and legends. At such strange times, Karina is chaste, inviolable by alien masculine principles. At such strange times she waits serenely, quietly, for the pendulum to swing – as it always does and invariably must.

The pendulum will swing sexily back to the tempestuous throbbing of sinew, flesh and heart, aglow for love in many shapes and forms.

Miss Karina Hepple in town is a hip, chic, assertive, fashionable girl. She's known to many; all who know her have a good word for her.

Karina is generous with her body; showering favours like summer rain. She feels strongly that there's a lot to be said for the spiritual quality of detached sex. She read something in an Oscar Wilde play that went: 'Women have a wonderful instinct about things; they can discover anything except the obvious'. Karina's taken this up as some kind of perverse code to confound the world with.

But there comes a time when this strange, marvellous creature must – like a modern-day Garbo – be alone.

A more mundane miss might head like hell for the far-out clubs of New York city, or zoom off down the freeway in a racer built for superspeed. Or else hide away in a flat and get lost in music or books or cooking or needlework or even making wax effigies of people who irk.

But Karina turns her shapely back on the wholesale fantasising of New York and the damage it can do. One day a decree from the gods will send the steel canyons toppling down like pins in a bowling alley. She sees visions of polluted rivers cascading through the streets, and the whole of civilisation melting and sinking to the bottom in silent dismay.

And then, theorises Karina, soil will settle on the roofs and the tops of the downtown skyscrapers. Life will begin again.

All this lies in the future. But in the unspoiled tracts of wilderness there is a sense of primeval isolation to be recaptured – and tasted, and savoured.

Karina is one with nature.

Soraya

Photographed by Fred Euke

SALLIE

Photographed by Bob Carlos Clarke

Helena

Photographed by Clive McLaine